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MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

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COMSTOCK AND MOTHER EARTH

OCCASIONAL complaints from subscribers who fail to receive the magazine regularly are no unusual matter, especially in the case of such—in some quarters—non grata publications as "Mother Earth." Some unfriendly petty clerk in the Post Office, you know, can do a great deal of mischief. . . . But the complaints about the non-receipt of the January issue of our magazine suddenly became so numerous that we began to suspect trouble. We wrote to the New York Postmaster to inquire the cause of so many complaints. In reply we received the information from the Assistant Postmaster that "copies of the January issue have been held as unmailable. The matter has been referred to the Post Office Inspector-in-Charge, with whom you are advised to communicate for any further information relative thereto."

Making a personal call at the office of the Inspector-in-Charge, I was informed, by one of the subordinates, that the magazine was being held on complaint of Mr. Anthony Comstock. Referred to the latter, I called at his office, 140 Nassau Street. There I was told that Mr. Comstock was at court. The young woman in charge knew that official documents regarding "Mother Earth" had passed through her hands, but she had "mislaid" the papers and could give no further information on the subject. I was advised that Comstock could be reached in the afternoon.

In the meantime, besieged for an explanation, the office of "Mother Earth" issued the following statement:

"We have just been informed that the January issue of 'Mother Earth' has been held up by the New York Post Office on complaint of Mr. Comstock. So far we have not ascertained the reason for the outrage. The matter is now in the hands of Comstock."

This explanation we mailed to the press and to our exchanges, in the FORENOON of January 26, two weeks after the magazine had been held up, the Post Office keeping us all that time in complete ignorance of the matter.

In the AFTERNOON of the same day I again called at the office of Mr. Comstock. This time he was in. I asked him for information regarding the hold-up. He admitted that the magazine was held up, but denied that it was done

on his complaint. "The matter is now in my hands," he said. He further explained that the "unmailable" matter consisted of Comrade Emma Goldman's article on the White Slave Traffic.

At Comstock's request I accompanied him to the office of the District Attorney, with whom the Cerberus of American morals was closeted for some time. Next came a private consultation of Comstock with the Inspector-in-Charge, and after a great show of mystery I was informed that the guardian of decency decided that there was nothing "ginst" the law in the objectionable article. With a few words of fatherly advice Mr. Comstock left me, promising to send in at once a written report to the Postmaster, directing the release of the magazine.

The readers can imagine our surprise when the N. Y. "Times" the next morning quoted Comstock as absolutely denying the whole affair. "That's a scheme of Emma Goldman's to attract attention to the publication," said Mr. Comstock. "I have not made any complaint against it, nor is the magazine being held up at the Post Office."

Unwilling to credit this newspaper interview, I called Comstock up on the telephone. He personally repeated the very words quoted, emphasizing that he told the reporters that there was "absolutely no truth in the story." "But, Mr. Comstock, you know that it is a lie," I said,—and then the receiver was hung up at the other end.

Several days passed after Comstock's earnest promise to release "Mother Earth," and yet complaints were still coming in with every mail. Evidently Comstock had not kept his promise. I therefore again called at the Post Office. There they kept me busy running from one department to another and back again, every official pretending complete ignorance of the matter. After a few hours of violent exercise I elucidated the information that "the release had not arrived," that "the release had been mislaid," and that "the matter had been settled." Thereupon I sent a special delivery letter to the Inspector-in-Charge, demanding to know the reasons for the outrageous treatment of "Mother Earth."

By return mail I received the following reply:

"Sir:—Replying to your special delivery letter of this date, regarding the withholding of the issue of 'Mother Earth,' I have to advise you that I have just instructed the Postmaster to release this matter.

"I may say that the delay of which you complain has been due to my desire to make a personal investigation of the subject.

"Very respectfully,

"W. S. MAYER,

"Inspector-in-Charge."

Late Saturday evening, January 29th, the magazine was released.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

COMSTOCK SOLILOQUIZES

What, Aphrodite!
Not even a nightie
Between you and Hades, my dear?
O Venus de Medici!
I can't stand for negligee,
Too negligee ladies, my dear!
And your sister of Milo
From her head to her heel, O,
Sets a perfectly horrid example;
Though she's minus her arms, O,
The rest of her charms, O,
Are extremely apparent—and ample.
And mercy upon us!
There's Billy Adonis
With such a décolleté gown
We'd welcome a freckle,
A wart or a speckle,
Tattoo marks, or even a frown!

Uncle Pete Phidias,
What perfectly hideous
Morals you must have possessed
To sculp ne'er a pimple,
An eyelash or dimple,
Let alone an occasional vest!
'Tis terribly plain, sir,
You'll wallow in pain, sir,
To the ultimate end of creation,
For you gave Aphrodite
Not even a nightie
Betwixt the poor thing and damnation.

DON MARQUIS.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

EVERY once in a while some genius bobs up from obscurity with the original discovery that if the workingmen would only quit drinking and eating meat, and in general limit their rations a little, all sorts of blessings would flow therefrom.

One day it's Isaac K. Funk who tells us we could pay the national debt in two years if we would stop drinking, and he assures the workingmen they could buy homes if they were not so extravagant. Again, there is Horace Fletcher, who asserts upon that masculine authority, the *Ladies' Home Journal,* that two million families are saving one hundred million dollars annually because they masticate their food better than they did before. With the price of meat going down so fast that the people are complaining about it, we tremble to think what will happen to the beef barons when we get more Fletcherites. For Fletcherism tends to vegetarianism and altruism. Vegetarianism we might stomach, if accompanied with a little beef tea; but altruism—never, not even if flavored with the sauce of the gods.

And now comes the latest Christ. (We heard Mr. Fletcher so designated by a disciple who had just fasted seventeen days.) The new Messiah, instead of masquerading as a carpenter, appears on earth as a teacher of dietetics. He, vulgarly known as Dr. Franklin White, of Harvard, informs us that "it is not only possible to live on 20 cents a day, but to do it would result in better health. People are complaining of the high cost of food, but it seems as if most of us forget the really cheap food. Take cornmeal, for example, which costs 3 cents a pound. A third of a pound, or a cent's worth of cornmeal, will make a large quantity of mush, probably more than the average appetite demands. With oleomargarine and some cheap syrup it makes a satisfying, nourishing meal. Two cents' worth of syrup would give the sugar element. A man could do hard labor on such a meal, the entire cost of which would be about 4 cents."

Dr. Tilden, of Denver, who is admittedly the sanest

and most scientific of the dieticians, has conclusively proved that man must have proteids, green vegetables, and acid fruits to keep healthy. The diet advised by Dr. White would result in death from starch poisoning in a very short time. But, then, perhaps the doctor thinks that the working class is a dangerous nuisance which ought to be abolished. We have a suspicion amounting almost to a conviction that it wouldn't be so bad—for the workingmen. But we would suggest a method somewhat different from the cornmeal route.

* * *

A BRAND new panacea for all labor troubles has been discovered by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard University, whose memory is venerated by all scabs. He is the sponsor of a bill introduced in the Massachusetts legislature, which proposes to abolish strikes and lockouts by forcing employees to refer their disputes to a board of investigation, before causing a stoppage of work.

It is to be hoped that labor will not be caught in this trap. Compulsory arbitration is one of the gravest perils to the workingman. Its dire results can be seen in Australia and other countries, where it has practically deprived labor of the liberty to strike. American workingmen, especially, ought to know by this time what investigation and arbitration boards accomplish for their benefit.

The proposed bill is but another attempt to lull labor into the belief that the State has its interests at heart. Incidentally it will create more sinecures for parasites with a "pull."

Eliot's scheme is a direct blow at organized labor, designed to destroy the proletariat's only efficient weapon, the strike.

* * *

THE discovery of the North Pole may be of great value, though no one seems to know exactly what it is good for. But of far greater interest is Peary's description of the Greenland tribe of Eskimos that he employed in his polar travels.

In the current issue of *Hampton's Magazine*, Peary thus characterizes them:

"The members of this little tribe, inhabiting the western coast of Greenland from Cape York to Etah, are in many ways different from the Eskimos of Danish Greenland, or those of any other Arctic territory. There are now between 220 and 230 in the tribe. They are savages, but they are not savage; they are without government, but they are not lawless; they are utterly uneducated according to our standard, yet they exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence. In temperament like children, with all a child's delight in little things, they are nevertheless enduring as the most matured of civilized men and women, and the best of them are faithful unto death.

"Without religion and having no idea of God, they will share their last meal with any one who is hungry, while the aged and the helpless among them are taken care of as a matter of course. They are healthy and pure blooded; they have no vices, no intoxicants, no bad habits—not even gambling. Altogether, they are a people unique upon the face of the earth. A friend of mine calls them philosophic Anarchists of the North."

Benighted heathens, to be happy without church or State, police, crime, and prisons.

* * *

INNOCENTS are abroad in plenty, and meeting one recently while in a sportive mood I was rash enough to enter into a discussion concerning the "humor of Fra Elbertus." The result was that I found myself wagering a baked apple at Codington's that the Fra was as bereft of that precious ozone as Theodore Roosevelt. While hunting for a stakeholder I read "A Little Journey to a Dentist," by this same Fra, and —then I withdrew: it was too much like cheating.

The foregoing brings me to the point that if it isn't cheating to take twenty-five cents in good money for that highly intellectual magazine, *The Fra,* it's because Mr. Elbert Hubbard has no sense of humor. In the January number of that publication the editor devotes five columns, or about twenty-two hundred words, to the subject of Free Speech, Liberty versus License, Anarchy and Free Speech, The Danger Line, and a

Carnival of Hoodlumism. Setting out to prove that Anarchy leads to hoodlumism and that free speech is for reformers for revenue only, Hubbard demonstrates for the millionth time that the way to succeed in this world and lay up coal for the winter is to write learnedly on subjects you know nothing about, and insist on people taking you seriously. A good way to do this is to speak of certain persons as if you knew them intimately. It makes the lie effective.

Above all, there is no better way to advertise oneself than by giving the hated Anarchists a kick. It always answers the purpose and stamps one a respectable, decent citizen. Fra Elbertus, who has broken into the Hall of Fame by writing an immortal ad for the best lavatory paper, is the latest Anarchist baiter.

Hubbard started as an Anarchist. That was his *Drang und Sturm* period. But he soon discovered that ideals do not pay. What's the use of being a Homer, a Milton, or a Dante, thought the Fra. There's no money in it. Dem fellows starved. Elbertus aspired to be greater than they and gather in the *masoome*.

He reformed and wrote a panegyric on the slave, which opened to him the arms of the satisfied. His next step was to build factories of art, in which could be exploited all the children and poor devils he could pick up on the road, like the *Rattenfänger von Hammeln.*

Then it was the labor unions that engaged Fra's attention. They were entirely too great a menace to profits. Forthwith he launched Jove's lightning against them, thus still more endearing himself to his capitalist masters. Generous orders for William Morris furniture began to pour into East Aurora.

But still he was not satisfied. He had higher ambitions. Casting about for material, his eye fell upon the Anarchists. Eureka! I found it! cries the hapy Fra, and proceeds to administer a sound beating in his magazine of affirmation. "Yes, yes," he echoes the cry of plutocratic journalism, "they are murderers, rioters. Down with them!"

Good luck, Fra. Who can help admire your business genius!

OUR capitalist press has but little sympathy with Vladimir Bourtseff. They think him too outspoken. Indeed, instead of respectfully appealing to the native snobs and enthusiastically enlarging on the Duma, Bourtseff was undiplomatic enough to proclaim himself a believer in the methods of terrorism.

This is too much for the nerves of the penny-a-liners of Park Row and Times Square. They shed copious tears over the possible fate of the Tsar's spies and hint at probable complications.

This antagonism is highly creditable to Bourtseff. He would deserve our pity if he enjoyed sympathy from such quarters.

Bourtseff's activity has rendered invaluable service to the Russian Revolution. Though his real life-work is the abolition of Tsardom, his efforts during recent years have proved inestimable to the cause by eliminating the traitors within the ranks. A revolutionary movement at the head of which stand *agents provocateurs* is worse than worthless.

The cause of the failures and defeats had to be ascertained and the atmosphere cleared before any real, effective opposition to tyranny could be thought of. Bourtseff has succeeded in that to a very considerable degree. He has earned the gratitude of all true friends of the Russian Revolution.

* * *

FROM Los Angeles comes the sad news of the death of Moses Harman.

His last imprisonment in the Joliet penitentiary undoubtedly shortened our friend's life. Since he left the prison, two years ago, Harman was never his old self again. The brutalities he suffered there so undermined his usually robust health that even the mild climate of the Angel City failed to restore him.

In Moses Harman the radical movement of America has lost one of its finest representatives. He was the most outspoken champion of sex liberty and an untiring and fearless worker in the cause of progress. He did not belong to those lukewarm radicals whose chief wisdom is opportunism and who forever hesitate at the

parting of the ways. He was a man of full stature: *suaviter in modo, fortitur in re.* He died as he lived, an uncompromising fighter. We shall bring in our next issue a more adequate appreciation of his services to the cause of liberty.

* * *

THIS issue completes the fourth year of MOTHER EARTH. Rough were the waters and many the storms our little fighter had to weather. But a stout heart and staunch friends will conquer the greatest obstacles.

The friends of MOTHER EARTH will celebrate its fifth birthday by an international meeting, combined with a Commune Memorial and Ball, Friday, March 18th, at 8 P. M., in the Grand Manhattan Hall, 309-311 Grand Street. We ask all friends and sympathizers to help us make this double anniversary a success.

AUTHORITY

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit.

THE SUFFRAGETTES

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

> The line now being taken by the militant suffragettes * * * heads straight to Anarchy.
> —*Daily Chronicle.*
>
> The rule of "no physical violence" must now, writes Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, be abandoned, The militant tactics are to be pursued, writes Miss Christabel Pankhurst, "no matter though social order and harmony be for a time destroyed." * * * This is the language of Anarchy.
> —*Daily News.*
>
> * * * We think we may say that these tactics are unexampled in British politics.—*The Nation.*

NONE more loved than the lukewarm ones who never say yes or no.

None more admired than the tolerant ones who never hurt.

How they are caressed, those platonicc enthusiasts who rapturously bow right and left.

How they are respected, those theoretic champions who, with sweeping gestures, demonstrate the truth of the matter.

How they are loved, these weak-kneed mollycoddles.

But woe to the fiery, the inspired ones!

Woe to those in whose veins flows red blood. Woe to the energetic, the conscious, who consecrate their whole life to their ideal,—those to whom the struggle is the very personification of life itself.

Above all, woe to the *franctireurs!* They who forever compromise the good cause of the philistines in the eyes of decent men; who, by their impulsiveness, paralize the carefully planned moves of diplomacy; to whom the most sancto-sacred is not sacred.

These are the terror of the cautious, of the hesitating, lagging, deferring ones,—they are the *bête noire.*

Yet, in spite of it all, can history point to a single revolutionary movement—whether political, scientific, or artis-

tic—that has been carried to victory by the lukewarm, the impartial, platonic, and theoretic elements?

The suffragettes of Great Britain are the latter-day *enfant terrible* of all molluscs. The most heinous indictment is brought against them by respectability: they are on the road to Anarchy.

What honor for the suffragettes!

In truth, the good people are not far amiss. The suffragettes began the fight for votes, and—Oh, Irony—they have ended by destroying the ballot boxes. The most fanatical opponent of the ballot could not act more consistently.

This spectacle is to us Anarchists—who have grown out of the ballot superstition—a source of almost diabolic joy. No wonder, then, that the State worshippers—be they named Asquith, Belfort Bax, or Quelch—are horrified at such blasphemous tactics.

The destruction of ballot boxes is, however, not the only spice of humor in the struggle for woman suffrage. We witness disciples of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Weininger champion the cause of the women, while good liberals and even some Socialists, theoretically in favor of sex equality, unmask themselves as the most bitter opponents of women's political rights.

'Tis a transvaluation of all values.

O, man! Stupidity is thy name.

Could anything be more stupid than to withhold such an innocent toy from woman, and then to drive her to desperation by utmost brutality, baseness, and vileness?

Yet let us be grateful to these dull-witted blockheads. But for their fiendish persecution mania we would be the poorer in this wonderful revolutionary movement,—a movement that has far outgrown its original aims.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, one of the ablest leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union, explains in *Votes for Women*:

"No protest now could find its way into the public meetings except by stones. If the battle was to be continued at all, it must be by the abandonment of the rule hitherto observed, No destruction of any kind! No physical violence!! . . . This is a revolution. This is a war. But this revolution was forced upon us. It is a war which we

are called upon to wage in the name of liberty and justice."

For half a century the women of Great Britain have struggled, peacefully and orderly, for their mess of pottage. Like all reformers, they were first ridiculed, then ignored. Silently they suffered abuse and contempt. But when the government began to persecute them with brutal violence, they unfurled the banner of rebellion. Suffragists were transformed into suffragettes. In wonderment we witnessed the heroism and self-sacrifice developed by these women in their unequal fight with man's stupidity and the brutality of his government.

Even the opponents of woman suffrage are forced to admit the truth of this. To quote but one opinion out of a multitude. The *Bristol Mercury* thus expresses itself:

"None can question their courage and their willingness to make sacrifices for the cause they have taken up. There was a good deal of rioting and window breaking before men got the vote by the Reform Bill of 1832, but neither in that agitation nor in any other political movement have men endured so much for their convictions as have the suffragists in Holloway Prison. Whatever one may think of the Votes for Women agitation, men have never made in any political movement of the past such self-sacrifices for their opinions as these women have done."

Never before have such outrages been committed in Great Britain against political prisoners as against these women. What about the celebrated chivalry of Englishmen? Where the boasted Anglo-Saxon respect for the sex? Had the men of England but a spark of shame, a storm of protest should have swept the land.

And why this bestial treatment in the prisons? Why the hunger strikes? Merely because the suffragettes demand the *rights of political prisoners.* The latter receive worse treatment in England than the common criminal. John Most, Vladimir Bourtseff, David Nicoll, and the Walsall Anarchists could bear witness to this. When the suffragettes demanded the rights of political prisoners, Home Secretary Herbert Gladstone declared in the House of Commons:

"Political offences are not in any way recognized by the common law of England, nor can political motive be pleaded in justification of an offence or as in itself en-

titling the offender to special treatment in prison. Persons guilty of certain offences specified by statute, such as sedition and seditious libel, must by statute be placed in the first division, but it is not, and never has been, the law or practice in this country to accord special treatment to prisoners who, like the suffragists, have offended against the ordinary law in the course of a political agitation or from political motives, and the introduction of such a practice would be likely to have dangerous consequences. . . . If our government differs from all other civilized governments in connection with the treatment of political prisoners, it is about time other governments imitated us."

Herbert Gladstone thus proved himself a veritable political bastard. Let us hear what his illustrious father, William Ewart Gladstone, had to say on this subject in 1889, on the occasion of the Parliamentary discussion of the case of the Irish Nationalist, William O'Brien, who refused to be treated as a common criminal. After mentioning the cases of Cobbett, Sir John Hobhouse, Feargus O'Connor, Lord Normanby, Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and O'Connel—all of whom had enjoyed the rights of political prisoners—the great father of the little son said:

"I am not going to be entangled in arguments as to what are and are not political offences. I know very well you cannot attempt to frame a legislative definition of political offences, but what you can do, and what always has been done, is this: You can say that in certain classes of cases the imprisoned person ought not to be treated as if he had been guilty of base and degrading crime. What does the ordinary sentence of imprisonment import? The deprivation of literature and visitors, the plank bed, the prison dress, the odious, the disgraceful incidence of the company of felons. . . . But, Sir, I say that though sensitiveness to indignities of this kind may be a matter on which men will differ according to their temperament and their ideas, yet such sensitiveness is a sensitiveness rather to be encouraged than to be repressed, for it appertains to that lofty sentiment—that spirit which was described by Burke in immortal language when he said, 'The spirit which feels a stain like a wound.' We protest against this prison treatment as being condemned by the country, and as being in itself unwise, inhuman, and brutal. I have not sought to multiply epithets of this kind,

but I cannot altogether withhold them. Finally, I say, it is entirely contrary to the usage of other governments."

Can anyone claim that the agitation of the suffragettes springs from base motives, or that its character is not political? Why, then, the discrimination against these women? Is it because of their sex? Not at all. They are persecuted so cruelly because they are the first political party in Great Britain who have resorted to the most powerful and effective weapon in the whole arsenal of life: *direct action.*

No other political group has ever used such tactics, except the Anarchists. And with what ingenuity and effect the suffragettes have employed this method! This the politicians and diplomats will never forget nor forgive.

Since the suffragettes have initiated direct action tactics, they have defeated their opponents at every point. They have created the strongest organization in England, collected a fund of £50,000, organized demonstrations which in point of numbers, enthusiasm, and beauty have never been equaled in the history of the country. What artistic joy, not to speak of the revolutionary spirit, the tremendous Hyde Park demonstration would have afforded William Morris.

Since the fifth of July of last year till the dissolution of the Parliament the latter was besieged day and night, without intermission, by the epical watch. Hundreds of meetings, to be addressed by Cabinet Ministers, were broken up; banquets, private and official receptions disturbed, and life made a nightmare for officialdom.

What a spectacle! Never before had England witnessed such a humiliating sight.

The dissolution of Parliament and the following elections form a turning point.

Such a propaganda cannot possibly stop at mere suffrage. Already there are among the suffragettes certain elements whose demands go much further. They are awakening to the realization that the fight for the feminine mess of pottage is but the prelude to a greater and more tremendous struggle of social proportions. They will gradually join that movement, and the experiences they have thus far gathered will prove of great value for the general emancipation of mankind. Their self-

sacrifice and heroism can serve as an example deserving the respect and sympathy of every revolutionist. The seed they have sown will not fail of a rich harvest.

The words of Mary Neal, one of the participants in the hunger strike, will come true:

"Nearer to the Earth Mother than man, wiser in the wisdom learnt at the gates of death, through which enters each new-born life, in the depths of her being untouched by the sophistries of a masculine interpretation of her place in life, woman has committed the seed of her liberty to the earth. Ploughed in by suffering as it has been, ruthlessly cut down again and again, condemned to death by the Kings of Prejudice, Tyranny, and Lust, it has risen triumphant, and the harvest is near at hand."

O, Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That e'er was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain
By the turning of your hand.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS IN THE LIFE OF AN AVANT-GUARD

AN avant-guard of many years of public activity? How discouraging. Yet if we consider that Anarchism is the only social theory that has undertaken to transvalue all values, we will see at once that the position of its exponents must needs remain that of the avant-guard, for some time to come.

Traditions and habits cling with great tenacity, both to man and institutions. Not merely because every effort of to-day is being bent on perpetuating the past, but because the past has a most marvelous capacity of not letting go.

Thus we see that the most radical, aye, the most advanced, rarely outgrow the old.

It is but a comparatively short period, considered in the light of historic events, that Anarchism, the reconstructor of social life, the transvaluator of all values, has made its advent on the intellectual horizon of the world.

Its task was stupendous, indeed. The Rock of Ages, huge and immovable, blocked its way. Yet unafraid, serene and proud, Anarchism began its onslaught. To-

day it is a living, working force, most hated and most beloved of all theories that have come to rebuild the world.

The wonder is not that it has accomplished so little; the wonder is that it has done so much. Therefore the life of the avant-guard, with all its shadows, can never lose its light, its rich warm light.

Of the shadows, I have talked on more than one occasion. In fact, during the last two years MOTHER EARTH has reported nothing but gloom.

In 1908 my tour was affected by the crisis and its inevitable result: outraged humanity manifesting itself in the acts of Averbuch and Silverstein.

The police, like the forest beasts, at the sight of blood became mad for more. Who but the avant-guard of Anarchism could be better prey? Anarchist meetings were closed, and Anarchist speakers suppressed. My tour, though strong enough to withstand every obstacle, has rendered MOTHER EARTH very little financial assistance.

The avant-guard, like the wicked, finds no rest. In the early Fall of 1908 another tramp was undertaken. By that time the crisis had thoroughly whipped people into submission, completely breaking their will; poverty and despair have no interest in life and life's problems. Then, too, it was the period of the presidential election, which in this "free land" has become a greater national calamity than the coronation of the Russian Tsar. This tour, too, was a failure.

I had almost despaired of a change. Everything seemed to conspire to turn the shadows of life into black clouds, shutting out faith and hope.

It seemed useless to begin a tour again, and without visible means of maintaining MOTHER EARTH, I had almost decided to give up the struggle.

But the power of perseverance overcomes all difficulties.

When the indefatigable Ben Reitman wired me from Chicago: "Police consent to let you speak in this city. Telegraph dates," all disappointments of the past two years were forgotten. The future once more held out new possibilities.

That one should have to depend on police permission in a country where liberty is an every-day slogan, is not a cheering aspect. Still, it is better to meet the enemy in the open than to be overtaken by him unawares. Time

and again labor, energy, and money were spent on the arrangements of meetings, only to see it all wasted through police interference. Experience has taught us this lesson: Since freedom of speech is no longer everyone's right without fear or favor, it is best to ascertain beforehand where it will meet with the least interference.

We had barely begun our tour when Detroit placed itself on record against free speech.

Oh, spirit of Robert Reitzel, where art thou?—and you who gloried in the song of that lark of liberty, you who worshipped at the shrine, has the last note of his song died away that you submit to the Russianization of your city? Has your love of freedom been a mere reflection of Reitzel's genius, leaving you poor and empty now that he is no more. You will soon have the opportunity to prove whether the work of the *Der Arme Teufel* has been a strong factor or a mere passing fancy. We are coming to Detroit to assert our right of free expression.

In Buffalo the police are evidently still peril-stricken by the shadow of that lone boy whom they had done to death before Christian justice placed him in the electric chair. Else it is hard to account for their dread of the free voice. The energetic effort of a true friend of liberty, Mr. Fred Schulder, has been in vain. And yet not altogether, as his own letter will prove.

DEAR EMMA:—

Yours of the 9th, with clipping, reached me yesterday.

After having seen the mayor twice, his secretary three times, and the Chief of Police three times, I have not succeeded in getting a promise that you will be allowed to speak in Buffalo.

Yesterday Chief Regan told me that he would have to be compelled by the courts before he would consent to your speaking, but I pressed the matter so hard that he finally asked me to see him again to-day and get a definite reply. Told the clerk of my engagement, and he went to see the Lord at once. Coming back he informed me that the Chief could not see me this morning, as he had been subpoenaed to court and would have to leave at once; but that at any rate "She can't speak"; I should come in at 2 P. M. if I wanted to see him. I went to see a friend whom I know to be in thorough sympathy with Free Speech. I told him of the result of my various interviews, and that I would like to have someone with me as a witness if I saw the Chief again. I thought as a last resort I would ask him if he would permit you to recite the Lord's Prayer in Buffalo. His answer being either yes or no, he would have placed himself in a position to be made the laughing stock of my friend. My friend felt sure that the Chief would only quibble; as there is no

paper here that would dare to say anything derogatory of the police department, he thought it would be useless. Furthermore, he said that if he should come out in this matter, the police would find a way to injure his business. Partly owing to Mr. B's advice, and partly owing to the fact that for several days I have had a severe cold which seems to amount to a slight attack of grippe, and the weather alternating snow and rain, with slush ankle deep, I decided to stay indoors this afternoon and nurse my cold. I may write to the mayor, but it will probably be of no avail.

I never before appreciated the corrupting influence of the political machinery—what cowards it makes of persons! Why, one sleek eel-like politician told me that he was not sure but what he was a philosophical Anarchist himself. But of course in his position, etc. I never call myself a "philosophical," and when someone else describes me thus, I usually laugh at it; but after seeing cringing and scheming politicians, persons without a backbone, applying this term to themselves, I shall feel a shiver whenever I hear that combination of words.

My friend has learned the truth of what I have maintained for many years, namely, that the term "Philosophic Anarchist" is really an apology for cowardice that craves to appear interesting.

Columbus, O., can boast of an intelligent mayor; at least he is intelligent enough to know the difference between Socialism and Anarchism.

"If Emma Goldman were a Socialist I would let her speak. But she is an Anarchist." Like Gen. Funston, the mayor knows that Socialism perpetuates government, that it is therefore not so dangerous to the position of an army officer or a mayor as Anarchism, that contains no place for either.

Those who live in New York and count among their friends Socialists like Leonard D. Abbott, Annie and Rose Strunsky, English Walling, etc., have no idea of the material that goes to make up the party Socialists in the Middle West. Certainly a more conservative, retrogressive, bigoted set of people is hardly conceivable.

In Chicago the editor of the *Daily Socialist* would not endanger the opportunity of vote getting by announcing the fact that Free Speech was again to assert itself in that city; yet he is quite willing to charge double rates for E. G.'s ads. Naturally, saloons, banks, and other crooked business are more important

to the Socialists of Chicago than the right of a human voice to be heard.

In Milwaukee the Socialist ward heeler Berger would not take our ads. How could he soil his clean, pure, white political soul by such a thing? In his righteous indignation he urges "that some one ought to get after the Chicago *Daily Socialist* for accepting and printing a big advertisement of an Emma Goldman meeting."

When two thieves quarrel the honest man comes to his own. Possibly when autocrat Berger will get after autocrat Simons, the poor, deluded party subjects will learn to value their independence.

In Hannibal, Mo., a Socialist judge, Abner S. Smith, whose Socialist activities consist in ordering people dispossessed if they fail to feed the landlord, hastens to assure the people of that city that Socialists are above all law abiding citizens. "We believe in laws and in obeying them, but of course we believe the people should have part in framing them." How is this for a follower of Karl Marx, who died in hopes that his theory would revolutionize the world.

And with all this compromise, with all this cowardice, with all this cringing servility to public opinion—defeat, nothing but defeat. Too bad. Too bad.

If human beings were not beter than parties, one would have to despair of the future. But the consciousness that there are Socialists with character and personality often makes up for all the sins of the party politician. Several of such precious rarities we have met in Madison, Wis. I will speak of them later.

The first ray of light made itself felt in Cleveland. English meetings in that city have always been mediocre, but when January 9th came, three days after Ben Reitman had reached Cleveland, the meeting surpassed the highest expectations. Two large audiences came, not out of curiosity, but interested to learn the truth about the greatest crime of the 20th century committed by the Catholic Church. The subject was Francisco Ferrer and the Modern School.

That the heroic death of that tragic figure at Montjuich continues to arouse widespread indignation is

proved by the multitudes that come to hear about the life and work of that man.

By dispelling the lies and calumnies which continue to appear in the Catholic press of America about Ferrer, I hope to make his name and work a living, working force in our midst, thus paying my tribute in a small measure to the memory of our dead comrade.

A large Yiddish meeting closed our successful visit in Cleveland.

In Toledo the gloom of the city and the mirror-like polish of the icy sidewalks could not obscure the light that followed. A meeting arranged within twenty-four hours again attracted a large audience, and everything moved smoothly. Even I, on my way from the hall to the hotel; so smoothly, indeed, that I landed on one of the mirrors, leaving its icy glass intact, but nearly breaking my back. How little reform does reform the broken arms, legs, and backs of the people, Toledo bears witness.

Chicago has been thoroughly swept by that hurricane, Ben L. Reitman. During three weeks, single handed, with friends and foes against him, with a conspiracy of silence on the part of the Chicago press, Reitman proved to the satisfaction of all that one determined individual can move mountains.

The success of the meeting in Chicago meant a great deal to our doctor friend. This is the city in the streets of which he spent his childhood. It was here, too, that he became part of our so-called underworld. It was in Chicago that he obtained a pass to respectable society, in the form of a doctor's certificate. In Chicago, too, he learned the glory of American citizenship by receiving his first baptism of police clubs during the unemployed parade. It was there he was made to appreciate the true meaning of Free Speech, dependent on the police department. Yes, the success of the meetings meant more to him than many people can realize. So he worked as only a man with a great purpose can work, with the result that never in years, not even on the occasion of Peter Kropotkin's visit, was there such marvelous success.

Six English and three Yiddish meetings, crowded

every night regardless of the wretched Chicago weather. Over four thousand people paid admission, and a tremendous amount of literature sold, thanks to the energy and skill of Dr. Reitman. But the most valuable feature of the campaign is the reorganization of the old Social Science Club into a young, lusty fighter with new workers and systematic English weekly meetings. No wonder our comrades, the most timid even, became rejuvenated. Inspired by the zeal of one, all worked faithfully. Little Dr. Yampolsky, Wm. Nathanson, B. Weinninger, Anna and Jake Livshis, Edith Adams, F. Weber, and other comrades whose names I cannot remember.

Milwaukee was the next stopping-place. The same fine results. Three excellent meetings, arranged in a few days. Added to that was the joy of decent accounts in several daily papers, conservative papers, mark you, not the Socialist one.

Madison, Wis., has had a great charm for me the last few years because of its historical library. But what I really found there is extraordinary indeed. Certainly a better equipped and better managed institution I have never seen in any other city in America. No other library has such a collection of books, papers, and magazines on the labor question, trade unionism, Socialism, and Anarchism. Yes, even Anarchism, that most hated, most tabooed and misunderstood theory.

During the few hours that I could spend in the library, thanks to the generous assistance of Mr. Andrews, the chief research worker, I saw collections of the earliest Anarchist papers, books, and pamphlets in America. Complete files of the *Alarm, Fackel, Vorbote, Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung, Free Society, Liberty, Freiheit, Mother Earth,* and scores of others. Also numerous pamphlets dating almost half a century back. In fact, a perfect mint for the earnest student. If the liberal endeavor of this historical library will continue, it bids fair to become for America—in a small measure—what the British Museum is for England.

In all my travels through the length and breadth of this land I found its university cities the most bigoted, arrogant, and conservative. Madison, Wis., is

undoubtedly a happy exception. The progressive spirit among professors and students is unusual indeed. Profs. Ross, Commons, Yastrow, and others are making history in America. Thanks to them the American student is becoming humanized and socialized. He feels an interest in other things besides baseball, football, and scabbing. That university men should turn out in large numbers to hear Emma Goldman was more than some citizens of Madison could stand. Since we left that city the *Democrat,* a yellow sheet, has been attacking the university most venomously. I am convinced, however, that its barking will not intimidate the progressive element. Nor will it hamper it in its commendable desire to learn the truth from right sources. Surely Prof. Ross, who has withstood the various attacks upon his right to think independently and to interpret modern sociology, both in Stanford and the Nebraska University, is not likely to be disturbed in his march by anything the *Democrat* may say. It was a great treat to meet Prof. Ross. His wonderful physique with its large, generous lines, his broadminded views of social events, and his great humanism, were refreshing after meeting so many pygmies who are infesting the American colleges.

The inspiration of our short stay in Milwaukee was the Socialist Students' Club, whose members tower mountain-high above their political leader. Both Dr. Reitman and myself were invited to their round table at the Y. M. C. A. (holy horrors!), where we were asked to address the Club. The doctor spoke of the relation between the educator and agitator, and I made a few remarks on the difference between the students of Russia and America. One member of the Club helped faithfully at our own meetings, in a true fraternal spirit. Thus our visit to Madison was not only very interesting and profitable, but it was also a very delightful one. A sleigh ride in that very beautiful country, with all the glory of a white winter, bore me back to the never-to-be-forgotten joys of the Russian troika, dashing along through the cold, the music of its bells re-echoing through forest and field. For this childhood day in Madison I am indebted to a

friend of former days, who is now professor at the University and a respectable citizen of the place.

The light continues in its bright colors, even while I write this in the city of St. Louis, the success of which I will describe at another time.

The life of the avant-guard,—how rich, how full, how all absorbing. The only life worth living.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

ANARCHIST SYMPOSIUM

JOSIAH WARREN.

NOTHING is more common than the remarks that "no two persons are alike," that "circumstances alter cases," that "we must agree to disagree," etc.; and yet we are constantly forming institutions which require us to be alike, which make no allowance for the individuality of persons or of circumstances, and which render it necessary for us to agree, and leave us no liberty to differ from each other, nor to modify our conduct according to circumstances.

On what, then, rest all customs and institutions which demand conformity? They are all directly opposed to the individuality, and therefore false. Every one is by nature constituted to be his or her own government, his own law, his own church—each individual is a system within himself; and the great problem must be solved with the broadest admission of the inalienable right of supreme individuality, which forbids any attempt to govern each other, and confines all our legislation to the adjustment and regulations of our intercourse or commerce with each other.

To require uniformity in thought, feeling, or action, is a fundamental error in human legislation—a madness which would be equaled only by requiring all to possess the same countenance, the same voice, or the same stature.

Each individual should be at all times free to differ from every other in thought, feeling, word, and deed; and free to differ from himself, or to change from time to time; in other words, that every one is constituted by nature to be, at all times, sovereign of himself, or herself, and of everything that constitutes a part of his or her individuality. That society, to be harmonious and suc-

cessful, must be so constituted that there shall be no demand for an outward show of conformity or uniformity—that no person must have any power over the persons or interests of others; but that everyone shall be, at all times, the supreme "law unto himself."

Theorists have told us that laws and governments are made for the security of person and property; but it must be evident to most minds that they never have, never will accomplish this professed object. Although they have had all the world at their control for thousands of years, they have brought it to a worse condition than that in which they found it, in spite of the immense improvements in mechanism, division of labor, and other elements of civilization. On the contrary, under the plausible pretext of securing person and property, they have spread wholesale destruction, famine, and wretchedness in every frightful form over all parts of the earth, where peace and security might otherwise have prevailed. They have shed more blood, committed more murders, tortures and other frightful crimes in the struggles against each other for the privilege of governing, than society ever would or could have suffered in the total absence of all governments whatever! It is impossible for any one who can read the history of governments, and the operations of laws, to feel secure in person or property under any form of government, or any code of laws whatever. They invade the private household, they impertinently meddle with, and in their blind and besotted wantonness presume to regulate, the most sacred individual feelings. No feelings of security, no happiness can exist in the governed under such circumstances. They set up rules or laws to which they require conformity, while conformity is impossible, and while neither rulers nor ruled can tell how the laws will be interpreted or administered till they have been repeatedly infringed, and punishment has been inflicted; under such circumstances no security for the governed can exist.

A citizen may be suddenly hurried away from his home and despairing family, shut up in a horrid prison, charged with a crime of which he is totally innocent; he may die in prison or on the gallows, and his family may die of mortification and broken hearts. No security can exist where this can happen; yet all these are the operations of

laws and governments, which are professedly instituted for the "security of person and property."

Rulers claim a right to rise above, and control, the individual, his labor, his trade, his time, and his property, against his own judgment and inclination, while security of person and property cannot consist in anything less than having the supreme government of himself and all his own interests; therefore, security cannot exist under any government whatever.

They compel the individual to desert his family, and risk or lay down his life in wars in which he feels no wish to engage. They leave him no choice, no freedom of action upon those very points where his most vital interests, his deepest sympathies are at stake. He can feel no security under governments.

Great crimes are committed by the government of one nation against another, to gratify the ambition or lust of rulers; the people of both nations are thus set to destroy the persons and property of each other, and would be murdered as traitors if they refused. This is the "security of person and property" afforded by governments. With regard to security, we see that in the wide range of the world's bloody history there is not any one horrid feature so frightful, so appalling as the recklessness, the cold-blooded indifference with which laws and governments have sacrificed person and property in their wanton, their criminal career of self-aggrandisement, instead of protecting person and property.

THE RUSSIANIZING OF AMERICA

By WM. C. OWEN.

MAGON, Villereal, and Rivera, the three leaders of the Mexican Liberal Party, who are now in jail at Florence, Ariz., will be released July 31, their term for alleged violation of the neutrality laws then expiring. But it seems most doubtful whether they will then be free from further molestation, for I understand that another indictment charging them with the same offense has been found in Texas against Magon and Villereal, and that the former is also in danger of being taken to St. Louis, Mo., to answer an old criminal libel charge.

These men are admittedly the main leaders of the Mexican Liberal Party, and no one can have studied the articles on "Barbarous Mexico" now appearing in the *American Magazine,* without recognizing that they represent a struggle for emancipation that is at a most acute stage. It is also certain that the revelations made have alarmed the Mexican government most seriously, and that Diaz will leave no stone unturned to keep them where they cannot pursue their agitation. Unless, therefore, the matter is taken up at once, with vigor and systematically, thereby creating a public opinion that shall be powerful enough to be effective, it seems certain that these men will not go free.

On the other hand, the success achieved in the two De Lara cases shows what can be accomplished by publicity. Moreover, the task should be now far easier, inasmuch as past trials have thrown a flood of light on the methods resorted to by the Mexican authorities; the disclosures made having convinced thousands that they are capable of practically anything to achieve their ends.

We know that a Mexican consul can charge a man with the commission of any imaginary crime, not even being compelled to name the victim or place where the deed occurred; and that in the cases of all the men mentioned this was done repeatedly. True, these bogus charges were dismissed when they came to trial, but meanwhile the accused had lain in jail and incommunicado, for long periods, and Diaz' ends were fully served.

The fact of the matter is that both the extradition treaty with Mexico and the immigration laws are a net placed in the hands of Diaz for the capture of his political enemies, and it is high time that these conditions, which represent an arbitrary use of authority as evil as anything to be found in Russia, should be taken up and investigated without fear or favor. Furthermore, it is to be noted that their administration is a natural development of the unscrupulousness which marks the entire administration of the criminal law in this country, as against the poor and friendless man. The whole of that black conspiracy against justice is ripe for settlement.

I read in the *American Magazine* that, after all, the conditions in Mexico, recently unveiled by Turner, can be duplicated in our own Southern States. I know that this

is practically so, both from my own somewhat careful studies and from interviews with men who have been there and have related their experiences with a fidelity to detail that leaves no doubt as to the facts. And I know, moreover, that throughout the country the fee system, under which the officer's and Justice's income depends exclusively on the number of arrests and convictions, works to precisely the same end.

Wherever this system has been investigated it has been condemned ruthlessly; not by radicals alone, but by men of the most conservative inclination and position. In fact, it is indefensible and would fall at once before such a concerted attack as should be made.

I emphasize the fact that the working of our extradition treaty and immigration laws, whereby men may be driven from the country on the report of a mere commissioner, having practically no opportunity of making a defense, is the inevitable outcome of our entire administration of criminal law. Obviously I emphasize this to drive home the truth that all this business hangs together; that it is the immediate concern of the poor of all occupations and nationalities, and by no means an exclusively Mexican affair.

As a matter of fact there are many other Mexicans now in jail for political offenses. I myself know of four serving sentences in Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and of five in jail in Texas, awaiting trial for alleged violation of the neutrality laws. I know of five others who were summarily deported under the immigration laws, and are now in that living hell, the San Juan de Ulua prison. My information is that one of the Fort Leavenworth prisoners is dying of consumption, and there are most pathetic details in connection with his wife and family of five children. If I personally know of all these cases there must be many others, for I have made no special study of this phase of the social question. I also think at the moment of two other cases, in which kidnapping was resorted to.

These political cases attract one's special attention, both because it is generally recognized that political prisoners are apt to be men of the highest character and attainments, and because it is specially noticeable that the men marked for punishment are almost all editors or literary men. But I repeat that the whole thing hangs together,

the unspeakable injustice with which the poor man is habitually hounded into jail, that constables and petty judges may line their pockets, being merely extended to the operation of the extradition treaty and immigration laws. As such it should be subjected to a general attack all along the line—an attack in which every lover of justice should join, regardless of the theoretical differences. Above all, the appeal should be irresistibly strong to those who comprehend the priceless value of freedom of speech and opinion.

There should be a general call to stop, and *muy pronto*, the Russianizing of this country.

* * *

THE LAW OF THE LAND

By LOUISA D. HARDING.

THE laws of a country whose people admired the eagle sufficiently to put him on their dollars, commanded that the entire population should wear stays, it being considered very desirable that each of these freedom-lovers should select a pair of the fashionable garments, without preliminary trying on, and wear it for the remainder of his life. The truth of the matter was that some of the citizens only pretended to confine their breathing apparatuses after the required fashion; but the remainder of the people wore stays constantly, either being of the opinion that it was right for them to do so, or fearing the ridicule of their neighbors if they appeared in public and were observed to be clothed in violation of the law.

After a time, a considerable movement began to make itself felt, the aim of which was to do away entirely with whalebone restraints for human beings, a number of men and women contending vigorously that it was not for the good of the race that each individual should not be able to breathe after the fashion that best suited him. These would-be reformers were unpopular; they were called Free-Breathers, and not infrequently they were clapped into the public jail for their denunciation of the ancient and respectable custom of wearing stays.

A gentleman in a very loose black gown, who had

never in his life had on the boned garment worn by his parishioners, declared vigorously that stays were decreed for men by the dictates of the gods—although he himself was commanded by heaven to make the sacrifice of doing without them—and that the trouble only arose from the fact that there was not perfect uniformity and sufficient tightness in the lacing of stays. "Unless you wish to degenerate to the level of the animals," said he, "you will not dream of doing without the blessed garb that binds." But sundry of his auditors, who politely sought to suppress the gasps and puffs occasioned by the compression of their ribs, found themselves thinking, not without envy, of the way in which animals could draw their breaths.

"Human beings are naturally wicked," observed another expounder of the wishes of the gods respecting stays. "Given full liberty to breathe and run about just as they chose, they would expend all their energies in injuring each other, and themselves, as much as possible. And if this most salutary restraint of stays were not decreed for you by the authorities, how few of you would take the trouble to appear in public suitably arrayed! Furthermore you should remember that the muscles in the human back are very weak; therefore also are stays indispensable. I wonder that any of you should presume to think of abolishing a garment necessary for the stability of the human form, and which, having been worn by very many of your ancestors and required by their venerable laws, must have been responsible for the progress that our race has thus far made toward health."

"For my own part, I must declare that I should disregard this law concerning stays," asserted one person of rather independent bearing, "but for the fact that the children of such parents are held in much contempt. To be sure, I believe that such children should be stronger than the descendants of stay-wearers; but I by no means desire to have my sons or daughters despised by the community."

"I see some good points in this anti-stay movement," announced one person who had got into one of the much-discussed garments that chanced to fit her very well, "but let us not be too radical. I'm sure I am comfortable enough. Why not teach persons to get on nicely with the stays they have?"

"Just so; while it may be admissible to work for the abolition of stays," added another individual, "I by no means hold such action to be necessary. One free, energetic person who manages nicely in spite of stays, is an admirable lesson to those who think they must be miserable in them. Then, too, I have observed that even without stays, all persons are not strong and free. Do not quibble over non-essential points."

"All this discussion about stays is nothing else than boresome," said a Lecturer on Health. "Nature knows nothing about stays, so why take the trouble to try to do away with them? I agree thoroughly with the speaker who preceded me. A degenerate child may have parents who threw away their stays; or a very tolerably good child may rejoice the heart of stay-wearers. Liberal permission to change one's stays, or to own several pairs of them, would meet all the valid criticisms made by Free-Breathers. Those who talk much on the stay question do so out of bravado, with the idea that they are very bold and bad; but I confess they give me a feeling of exceeding lassitude."

"Did you ever venture to remark to an extreme adherent of stays that he spoke merely out of bravado, or did you ever tell him that nature knew nothing about stays?" rejoined a Free-Breather, somewhat impatiently.

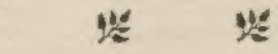
"Bah! I cannot express, before a decent crowd, my detestation of the people who do not believe in stays," shouted a little man from his position on the shoulders of a mob, which already exhibited symptoms of fatigue at the long discourses to which he continually treated them, "but I can assure you, on my word as an Unfailing Investigator and Corrector of Everything, that the nation which lays aside its stays is headed for the death it well deserves."

"Do not accuse me of any intention to abolish stays," retorted a Reform Leader, angrily. "What I am getting at is simply this: that when people are all financially independent, so that they need not accept stays that are not suitable, they will not be continually desiring to get rid of such of these garments as do not fit them in the least degree."

"Do, dare to put off stays, and be silent," chorused the members of a large and flourishing organization. "If

Joan of Arc, Elijah Lovejoy, and Thomas Paine had belonged to our society, and had shown more deference to whalebone prisons of all sorts, they would have escaped mud from the hands of such as that mob-rider, or torture from those who proclaim the wishes of the gods, and each of them might have died quite comfortably in bed."

A deformed man sat out on the corner of the street, and as the Preacher passed him on his way back from the Church, he generously dropped into the tin cup of the beggar five pennies from the contribution box, and wondered why the gods sent hunchbacked persons to this world.



FREE SPEECH FUND

RECEIPTS.

Balance, as per December account, $250.58; Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Boston, Mass., $50.00; Carpenters' & Joiners' Local 309, N. Y., $25.00; Typogr. No. 7, N. Y., $10.00; Alden Freeman, E. Orange, N. J., $10.00; per A. Brandschain, Philadelphia, Pa., $6.25; Frederick F. Ingram, Detroit, Mich., $5.00; M. & F. Strikers, N. Y., $5.00; per G. Gotti, Worcester, Mass., $4.00; A. R. Br. 145, N. Y., $3.00; J. Allen, Cleveland, O., $2.00; S. O. Bishop, Hammond, Ind., $2.00; per Max Brisk, E. Cambridge, Mass., $1.90; per J. Jaffe, Lynn, Mass., $1.50; per F. Block, S. Wilmington, Ill., $1.25; A. L. Goldwater, New York, $1.00; collections at E. G. meetings: Boston, Mass., $4.00; Haverhill, Mass., $3.00; Lawrence, Mass., $2.00; Brooklyn, N. Y., $4.66; Cleveland, O., $10.00; Toledo, O., $6.90; Chicago, Ill., $48.78; Chicago, Ill., $5.90; Milwaukee, Wis., $21.50; Madison, Wis., $8.00; Individual contributions, Chicago: Dr. Green, $5.00; Mrs. Coonley Ward, $10.00; Mr. S. L. Avery, $25.00; German Hod Carriers' Union, $10.00; Detroit, Mich.; C. Pfeifer, $5.00; Carl Schmidt, $10.00. Total—$558.22.

EXPENDITURES.

To Spokane Free Speech Fight, $10.00; Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's Defence, $10.00; Buffalo & Chicago F. S. Work, $50.00; Postage and Typewriting, $10.00; per Leonard D. Abbott: To Frank Stephens, toward Philadelphia F. S. fight, $10.00; Anselmo, Lorenzo, Barcelona, $10.00. To Spokane F. S. fight, $25.00; Fr. Sp. agitation, including stenography and postage, $60.00. Total—$185.00.

Receipts	$558.22
Expenditures	185.00
Balance	$373.22

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

Gilbert E. Roe, N. Y., $50.00; per Joe Bouquet, N. Y., $8.00; Eugene Schmith, Hoboken, N. J., $5.00; A. R. Br. 106, Paterson, N. J., $5.00; M. Slive, Syracuse, N. Y., R. Neitzge, Chicago, Ill., A. Lott, N. Y., and E. Luftig, N. Y., each $1.00.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchist Communism. By Peter Kropotkin..... 5c.

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... 5c.

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin. ..... 25c.

Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin..... $1.00
Postage, 10c.

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. New Edition..... $1.00
Postage, 10c.

Ideals of Russian Literature. By Peter Kropotkin.. $1.00
Postage, 14c.

Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin..... $2.00

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin..... 10c.

An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin..... 5c.

In Defence of Free Speech. Five Essays. By B. O. Flower, Rev. Eliot White, Louis F. Post, and Theodore Schroeder ..... 5c.

Schopenhauer in the Air. By Sadakichi Hartmann.. 10c.

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